

Early City Personalities Recalled By Miss Rashleigh In Last of Series

The seventh and concluding of Miss Alice Voyle Rashleigh's historical sketch of Carbondale is presented in today's issue of The News. We have taken pleasure in presenting the series, and many of our readers have expressed themselves as being pleased with reading it.

So, our thanks and the thanks of our readers to Miss Rashleigh.

The concluding chapter:

Captain Thomas Lindsay, employed by D. & H. Company, organized the Van Bergen Guards, C. F., 13th Regiment, N. G. of Pa.

Thomas Orchard was superintendent of the D. & H. shops and was formerly a carpenter.

J. F. Kinback, began dealing in furniture here in 1848. He also was an alderman.

Charles Hagan was a dealer in boots and shoes.

P. S. Joslin was postmaster for 10 years. He was a printer and editor.

John C. Davis was the engineer at No. 4.

Alfred Dart was the oldest attorney in the county, and came to Carbondale in 1845.

John Campbell became mine boss in 1854.

George Burrell was D. & H. Foreman of carpenter work and master of bridges.

Andrew Simpson came here in 1834. His trade was blacksmithing.

Elias Thomas came here in 1832 and was employed by the D. & H. in 1836. He later was the watchman at No. 28.

Elias Thomas came here in 1832 to us, having come to the city in 1853. He was a member of the Common Council.

James Vannan was engineer at

Engine No. 1.

Andrew Wyllie was foreman of D. & H. blacksmith shop, came here, in 1851.

Henry Watts was weighmaster and coal agent for D. & H..

Recently I learned that Moosic Lake was named by "Tommy" Voyle.

Reynshanhurst, named by John Shannon and the late John F. Reynolds, was known as Mother Johnson's Lot, where children played; although it was not a pleasant place to play. An old man who lived near would say with pride: "I saw a fox once."

Salem avenue was called Graded School Hill and what sport it was to sleighride there. Uncle Charlie Stevenson was a carriage maker at Moon's Carriage & Wagon Shop, corner of Belmont and No. Hill. He made me a real sleigh and it could go from Wayne street to River street—"Through service."

Much to the consternation of onlookers, I would follow a bull-gine down and the pace was rapid, I assure you. "She'll break her neck yet", was the comment. But I didn't, and I have been over the handlebars of my "bike" too.

I believe that God needed me to take care of thousands of our youngsters, a happy task that today is paying a wonderful dividend in thought and affection.

Living with my grandfather and having the love and guidance of a devoted mother who chastised me plenty, I learned to live to be square with the kiddies, to try to give them the fundamentals of education, to make them happy and to teach them to always love "Old Glory".

If I have, here and there, given you a personal touch, it is due to

the fact that I have been part and parcel of this "old burg" for 75 years, and because of my grandfather. It was his Carbondale, and it has always been my Carbondale too.

Little Joe Alexander and Prof. Hockenberry were instrumental in giving me a school, and for 52 years I was close to the people. Too, I have reason to be proud of my tiny share in education of many of our men and women of today.

I've learned a heap from children. A rule of life —TRY IT. IT SPELLS HAPPINESS.

"You cannot sprinkle the perfume of happiness upon others without spilling a few drops on yourself," and too—"No one forgets the one who remembers."

Alice Voyle Rashleigh
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